

is a dread malady. It cripples many thousands each year, and in many cases it is little short of a lingering death. The new remedy—Pusheck's Kuro—is a complete and marvelous cure, and even the most obstinate cases yield to this medicine. Inflammatory, muscular or joint rheumatism can receive no treatment equal to Pusheck's Kuro. You will notice an almost instant improvement. At most drug stores or direct from Dr. C. Pusheck, Chicago, upon receipt of \$1. Write for illustrated book.

With Art's Assistance.
Irene—Lil Skimmerhorn took part in those private theatricals as a young girl, did she? I wonder she had the face to do it.
Maybelle—She hadn't. It took her half a day to make her face fit the part.—Chicago Tribune.

A 480 ACRE FARM YIELDS 25 PER CENT. PROFIT A YEAR.

What a Mercer County (Ohio) Farmer Received from One Year's Crop.

Extracts from an interesting letter from P. H. Ryndard, of Starbuck, Manitoba, Canada, gives an excellent idea of the prosperity of those who have gone from the United States to Canada. He says:

"I bought, August, 1903, 480 acres of land, paying \$12,000 for it. We threshed 2,973 bushels of wheat and between 1,200 and 1,300 bushels of oats and barley from 200 acres. But part of the wheat went down before filling, and was not harvested except for hay. The crop was worth at threshing time \$3,000. Besides 120 acres laying idle, except a timothy meadow, which is not included in this estimate. Counting the value of the product and the increase of value of land will pay me more than 25 per cent. on the investment. Two brothers in the same neighborhood bought 160 acres each six years ago. They have not done a single thing to this land except to fence it and break and cultivate about one-half of it. Harvested last year 28 bushels wheat per acre. This year 27 bushels per acre. They can get any day \$25 per acre. These are only a few of many hundreds of such chances. It looks like boasting, but truth is justifiable, and the world ought to know it, especially the home-seeker. I know of quite a few farmers that have made fortunes in from 10 to 20 years, retired with from \$20,000 to \$100,000.

Writing concerning another district in the Canadian West, S. L. Short says: "Dear Sir—I have to inform you that I have just returned from the Carrot River Country in Saskatchewan, where I located land of the very finest black vegetable loam, which I am proud of, and will move in the spring. Farmers are still plowing there. A mild climate and beautiful country to behold. Cattle are fat and running outside. Wood and water good. Saw oats weighing 42 pounds to bushel. Potatoes large and well ripened; also wheat that brought there 82 cents. The country exceeded my expectations. Saw oats in stock thickly on the ground than appears in any of the illustrations sent out in descriptive pamphlets. I have been in many western states, but the soil exceeds any I ever saw."

The Canadian Government Agents at different points report that the inquiries for literature and railroad rates, etc., to Western Canada are the greatest in the history of their work.

MEDICAL MENTION.

Ten beats of a healthy pulse are equal to nine seconds.
Color blindness is, curiously enough, found mainly among the educated classes, of whom no fewer than four per cent. have this defect.

According to a doctor the voices of singers and actors can be much better preserved if used in theaters lighted by electricity rather than by gas.

In 1877 only six per cent. of British children were vaccinated. Now the proportion of abstention from infantile vaccination has risen to 34 per cent. in towns and 25 per cent. in country districts.

Dr. William Henry, an English physician, states as a result of experiments that in all forms of animal life, insects included, exists the taste for alcohol. He says that fishes are the only real "teetotalers" in creation.

"The statistics of last year," declared Dr. Edward Martin, director of the department of public health and charities of Philadelphia, "showed 3,062 deaths from tuberculosis, and 3,191 deaths from pneumonia. They show also while tuberculosis is decreasing, pneumonia is increasing. It is of the utmost importance that the public becomes aroused to a realization of the gravity of the situation and that it be advised how to protect itself."

Effects of Prosperity.

In the six years of the country's greatest prosperity, from 1897 to 1903 average prices of breadstuffs advanced 65 per cent., meats 23.1 per cent., dairy and garden products 50.1 per cent., and clothing 24.1. All these were products of the farmer and stockman who profited more than any other class of the community by these advances. The miner benefited 42.1 per cent. by that advance in the average price of metals. The only decrease in the average prices of commodities in that period was in railway freight rates, which decreased from .798 per ton-mile in 1897 to .763 in 1903, a loss of 4.4 per cent. The report of the Interstate Commerce Commission shows that the average increase in the pay of railroad employees in that period was a trifle above 8.5 per cent.

SOME SIMPLE REMEDIES.

Butter is good for both a bruise and a burn.

In summer always dry the hair in the sunlight and open air.

In massaging, ordinary salad or olive oil may be used in place of cream.

All medicines containing acid should be taken through a glass tube and the teeth immediately brushed.

For ringworm or light cases of eczema apply with a feather, glycerine 100 gramma and resorcin ten grammes.

A good astringent to close enlarged pores is boric acid, made by dissolving a teaspoonful of the powder in a pint of hot water.

PECK'S BAD BOY



The Bad Boy and the Groceryman Illustrate the Russo-Japanese War by Exploding the Grocery—Dad's Experiment at Raising Hair on His Bald Head.

BY HON. GEORGE W. PECK.
(Ex-Governor of Wisconsin, formerly publisher of "Peck's Sun," author of "Peck's Bad Boy," etc.)
(Copyright, 1904, by Joseph B. Bowles.)

The old groceryman had a war map spread out on the counter, and for an hour he had stood up in front of it, reading a morning paper, with his thumb on Port Arthur, his fingers covering the positions occupied by the Jap and Russian forces in Manchuria. There was a crash in front of the grocery and the old man jumped behind a barrel, thinking Port Arthur had been blown up, and the Russian fleet torpedoed.

"Hello, Matsumo, you young monkey," said the old man, as the bad boy burst the door open and rushed in with a shovel at shoulder arms, and came to "present arms" in front of the old man, who came from behind the barrel and acknowledged the salute.

"Say, now, honest, did you put that chunk of ice in the stove the day you skipped out last?"
"Sure Mike!" said the boy, as he ran the shovel under the cat that was sleeping by the stove, and tossed her into a barrel of dried apples. What are you doing with the map of the seat of war?"

"Oh, I was only trying to figure out the plan of campaign, and find out where the Japanese would go to when they are licked," said the old man. "This thing is worrying me. I want to see Russia win, and I think our government ought to send them all the embalmed beef we had left from the war with Spain, but if we did you monkey Japanese would capture it, and go on eating fish and rice. When this country was in trouble, in 1864, the Russians sent a fleet of warships to New York and notified all Europe to stand back and look pleasant, and by the great horn spoons, I am going to stand by Russia or bust. I would like to be over there at Port Arthur and witness an explosion of a torpedo under something. Egad, but I glory in the smell of gunpowder. Now, say, here is Port Arthur, by this barrel of dried apples, and there is Mushapata, by the ax handle barrel, see?"

"Well, you and I are just alike," said the boy. "Let's have a sham battle, right here in the grocery. Get down that can of powder."

"Taint against the law, is it?" said the old man as he handed down a tin canister of powder. "I want excitement, and valuable information, but I don't want to unduly excite the neighbors."

"Oh, don't worry about the neighbors," said the boy, as he poured a little powder under the barrel of dried apples. "Now, as you say, this is Port Arthur. This chest of Oolong tea represents a Japanese cruiser outside the harbor. This box of codfish represents a Russian fort, see? and the stove represents a Russian cruiser. This barrel of ax handles is the Russian army, entrenched behind the bag of coffee. Now, we put a little powder under all of them, and lay a train from one to the other, and now you get out a few of those giant firecrackers you had left over from last Fourth of July, and a

When the fireworks went off in the grocery.

Roman candle, and we can illustrate the whole business as Alexovitch and Ito would take to the woods."

The boy lit the Roman candle, got behind a barrel of potatoes, and turned the sputtering Roman candle on the giant firecracker under the stove, and when he saw the fuse of the firecracker was lighted, he turned the torch on the powder under the barrel of dried apples, and in a second everything went kiting; the barrel of dried apples with the cat in it went up to the ceiling, the stove was blown over the counter, the cheese box and the old groceryman went with a crash to the back end of the store, the front windows blew out on the sidewalk, the store was full of smoke, the old man rushed out the back door with his whiskers singed and yelled "Fire!" while the bad boy fell out the front door with his eye wipers gone, and his hair singed, the cat got out with no hair to brag of, and before they could breathe twice the fire department

came clattering up to a hydrant and soon turned the hose inside the grocery. There was not very much fire, and after tipping over every barrel and box that had not been blown sky-high the firemen gave one last look at the inside of the grocery, one last squirt at the burned and singed cat, that had crawled into a bag of cinnamon on the top shelf, and they went away, leaving the doors and windows open; the crowd dispersed, and the bad boy went in the front door, peered around under the counter, pulled the cork out of a bottle of olive oil and began to anoint himself where he had been scorched. Hearing a shuffling, as of arctic overshoes filled with water, in the back shed, and a still small voice, saying, "Well, I'll be condemned," he looked up and saw the red face of the old groceryman peeking in the back door.

"Come in, Alexandrovski, and rub some of this sweet oil on your countenance, and put some kerosene on your head, where the hair was. Gee! but you are a sight. Don't you go out anywhere and let a horse see you, or he will run away."

"Have all the forts and war ships come down yet?" said the old man, looking up toward the ceiling, holding up his elbow to ward off any possible descending barrel or stone lid. "I now realize the truth of Gen. Sherman's remark that war is hell. Gosh! how it smarts where the skin is burnt off. (Give me some of that salad oil, and the old man sopped the oil on his face and head, and the boy rubbed his lips and ears, and they looked at each other, and tried to smile two cracked, and wrinkled and scorched smiles, across the counter at each other.

"Now, you little Japanese monkey, I hope you are satisfied, after you have wrecked my store, and fitted me for the hospital, and I want you to get out of here, and never come back."

"Say, you are unreasonable. Do you think I will go off and leave you to die here under the counter of blood-poisoning, like a dog that has eaten a loaded sausage? Never! I am going to nurse you through this thing, and bring you out as good as new. I know how you feel towards me. Dad felt the same way towards me, down in Florida, the time he got skinned. You old people don't seem to appreciate a boy that tries to teach you useful noll."

"What about your dad getting skinned in Florida? I never heard about it," said the old groceryman, as he took a hand mirror and looked at his burned face.

"Why, that was when we first got down there," said the boy, looking at the old man and laughing. "Gee! but you would make a boy laugh if his lips were chapped. You look like a greased pig at a barbecue. Well, when we struck Florida, and dad got so he could assimilate high balls, and eat oranges off the trees, like a giraf, he

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Bad Plan.

The man who takes his business troubles home with him seldom has any home joys to lighten his office hours.—The Commoner.

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King's Gift to Museum.

King Edward has given the head of his famous horse, Ambush II., to the Natural History Museum of London.

A Daily Thought.

The highest luxury of which the human mind is sensible is to call smiles upon the face of misery.

Hen Worsts Man.

It takes a man longer to make a garden than it takes an old hen to unmake it.—Chicago Sun.

Back to Trouble.

Nearly every divorce results in two more marriages.—Chicago Daily News.

THE MARKETS.

NEW YORK, March 28.

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HOOGS—Fair to Choice..... 5 15

CATTLE—Native Steers..... 4 50

COTTON—Middling..... 5 25

FLOUR—Winter Patents..... 5 25

WHEAT—No. 2..... 1 15

CORN—No. 2..... 54 1/2

OATS—Mixed..... 37 1/2

PORK—Mess..... 13 1/2

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"Ah! may I ask who?"

"My name's John Smith."—Houstons Post.

London Road Rules.

Lord Haddo, son of the earl of Aberdeen, rode his bicycle on the wrong side of Piccadilly, London, and was arrested and fined. Had he not refused to give his name and address he would not have been arrested and fined just the same. They are particular about the rules of the road in London.

Milan Letter Boxes.

In Milan, Italy, letters are now collected from the street pillar boxes by an electric traveling post office over a journey of 15 miles; sorting and stamping are done during the run from one box to another, and at the end of each circuit the letters are handed over for immediate delivery.

True Enough.

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"Yes, but the likeness must be perfect, though."

"How do you mean?"

"Well, no wine can improve with age that has ever been drunk."—Philadelphia Ledger.

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Lawyer—You say you know this man to be an absolutely honest and reliable friend?

Witness—Yes, sir. I'd stake my life on him! He's the kind of fellow that would lie like a pickpocket to get a friend out of a tight place.—Detroit Free Press.

Reckoned by Hours, Not Miles.

"Tell me about your auto century run last week."

"Well, we went from here to Hamilton in three hours, and it took us the other 97 to get back. That makes the hundred."—Cincinnati Commercial-Tribune.

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KANSAS CITY.

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